

Guns and Champagne

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Guns and Champagne

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Summary

Mafia boss Crocodile meets the descendant of the 'Celestial Dragons' criminal organisation, Donquixote Doflamingo and things get interesting when the opera begins.

Notes

Reading and writing middle-aged men fucking is not a passion at this point, but a lifestyle. And for the record, I do have a personal headcanon that Crocodile wears a leather glove instead of a hook. It just makes sense.

Enjoy!

UPDATE: the story now has an official translation in [Chinese!](#) It's made by the wonderful [Tina](#) on the Chinese app LOFTER. Thank you so much for doing it, you're an absolute treasure.

It was another charity event Crocodile was forced to attend. He was never pleased when he was invited to such social gatherings and even less when he was practically kicked out of his office by his secretary who was now nowhere to be seen.

He found charities too staged and pompous for his own liking, especially knowing that most of those who came were nothing short of dangerous and criminal. They were men and women — just people really — just like him, yet most had a crooked sense of equity and displaced ideas of right and wrong. At least Crocodile didn't try to pretend he was a good guy and took pride in his drug lord business, though not in public.

No, for him, it was never public. Thing was, others liked digging and by simply entering a room, all eyes were attached on Crocodile, all too knowing of who he was and what legacy he brought with himself.

Sometimes, their events took place in expensive hotels or small venues that hosted no less than 300 people. This time, they were in an opera, grand and rich with gold, red and satin. The ceilings were tall and painted with muted watercolours of skies or angels, or embroiled in vines of marble that reached the edges of the ceiling, not daring to take over the wall space by their side.

Looking around was a good way to ignore the crowd. Although Crocodile wasn't very interested in becoming more sociable with his peers, he did enjoy the place and with a glass of champagne, he already anticipated the performance later in the evening. Crocodile hadn't watched anything from Richard Wagner in a while now, so that was the most exciting part of his night.

Crocodile walked deeper into the opera, his gaze focused on the large paintings that covered the opera's walls. With red wallpapers behind them, the pieces both blended and popped, and Croc inhaled from his cigar as he settled in front of a particular work by an unknown artist, yet simply named 'The Beginning'.

At first sight, it wasn't anything spectacular. A sand storm with a city hidden behind the specks of a yellow hurricane and nothing more. For some reason though, Crocodile held his eyes onto it and it didn't take long before each stroke of the brush was more and more apparent to him. He saw the drawn sand particles within the storm and they became so unobstructedly realistic that Crocodile could no longer recognise the city in the background.

The quiet chattering around him increased. Crocodile drank some more champagne and tilted his head at the painting. Rarely he would take so much interest in something at a charity event, but if that art was for sale, he might as well stay a bit longer to buy it. He was already planning on placing it in his entry hallway. It would fit perfectly.

Two pairs of footsteps approached and as Crocodile turned around, he met two familiar, though not entirely pleasant faces. It wasn't like he was expecting anyone anyway, but the sight of Rob Lucci and Kalifa made his jaw tighten before he released a polite smile.

“Sir Crocodile.” Kalifa greeted first. She wore a white dress to her mid-thigh and high boots that accentuated her long legs. Kalifa was a good-looking woman, yet the outfit was horrendous when accounting for the fact they were about to watch forbidden, incestuous love, war between heroes and Gods, and the consequences of unrequited desires.

Yes, Richard Wagner truly enjoyed being that dramatic.

“Kalifa.” Crocodile replied shortly after. He regarded the man with a short glance and raised his almost empty glass at him... Out of politeness, of course. “Lucci.”

“I didn’t think I’d be seeing you tonight, Crocodile.” Lucci said, his tongue pressing onto his teeth with each word he spoke. “Last time you came to one of the Celestial Dragons’ charity events was nearly two years ago.”

“When your business keeps expanding so rapidly, you don’t get a lot of time to waste on unnecessary charity quests.” Crocodile gave him a polite, tasteless smile. Lucci didn’t return the courtesy but thinned his lips instead.

Bitter. Rob Lucci had always been a bitter bastard. Petty too, and prideful plenty. He didn’t like it when someone else was doing better than him, so Crocodile made sure to shove it in his face the subtlest way possible.

Kalifa cleared her throat, catching their attention again. Crocodile exhaled a cloud of smoke away. “Have you planned on getting anything tonight, then? Perhaps a few jewels? Or...” Her eyes gazed beyond him. “A painting?”

“For now, nothing in particular.” Croc decided to play dumb. “I have enough items in my house and the things for auction today aren’t as appealing as I imagined.”

“You don’t seem to have a brochure, though.” Kalifa continued, her deep blue stare attempting to strip him from his mask. “I think you’ll be pleasantly surprised by what they’re offering tonight.”

Crocodile withheld a snort and downed the last drops of champagne. “I highly doubt that, Kalifa, darling. Two years ago, I wasn’t impressed. Five years, even ten, it was the very same. At this point, I’m half-expecting they sell slaves for shock value, but even that wouldn’t save them.” A sigh, then a cloudy exhale. “At least they picked a decent music drama to entertain us throughout the dull evening, don’t you think?”

“If *incest* is what you call entertainment, Crocodile, then I indeed understand your disappointment with the auction.” Lucci joined the conversation with an even sharper tongue than before. “You must’ve expected something way more exciting. Slaves, as you said.”

“Nothing like that, Lucci, but I’m happy to know you’re looking after my interests when I, myself, am not.”

“We have to look after each other in one way or another. We share the same customers, after all.”

Crocodile disregarded his snarly comment as at the corner of his eye, he noticed a tall figure roaming through the crowd. The erupting noise from earlier wasn't coincidental and many people lit up by the presence of the unknown giant. Some gasped with surprise, others with fear and thirds... Croc wasn't sure himself.

The man towered over everyone in the opera. Not only that, but he stuck out as a sore thumb with his bright pink attire and loud sunglasses that were anything, but appropriate for a formal event as this one. Crocodile didn't dress too fancily himself — just a black suit with a deep green shirt underneath his vest — but he didn't wish to stand out either. The guy, on the other hand, was willing to take all eyes in the room for himself.

For a single moment, Crocodile thought their eyes had locked from across the room. With those sunglasses, it was hard to judge, but Crocodile didn't fail to recognise the thrill that ran down his spine when the man's body had nearly completely turned his way. It was going to take a moment or so to get to him, but his attention was taken away and with that, their eye contact had been broken... Or had never happened, which Croc was willing to take as well.

"That guy..." Kalifa sighed with dissatisfaction. Crocodile raised a brow. "He always knows how to make an appearance."

Lucci had barely held his gaze on the culprit of Kalifa's words, but he seemed more than knowledgable of whom she was talking about. Instead, he looked at Crocodile again and a small victorious flicker skipped through his narrowed eyes. "You don't know him, do you, Crocodile?"

Crocodile allowed the question to loom over the conversation for just a moment longer before shaking his head. "I don't think I've had the displeasure of knowing yet another rising star among us. Though, knowing our line of work, he might be dead by the next charity event and I'm not exactly passionate to be up and personal with a walking corpse."

Kalifa broke a laughter. Crocodile inhaled deeply and let the smoke pour out thinly between his pressed lips.

"It wasn't a joke." He stated cut-throat sharp, making Kalifa's smile wither in an instant.

"I wasn't... It wasn't that." Kalifa replied lightly and looked behind herself once again.

It was hard to miss such a grand man and even harder not to notice his charming smile that spread across his thin long face. In any other case, Crocodile would find that image uncanny, but the man looked more attractive than scary to him. The warmth in his chest disappeared quite quickly though, when Lucci's voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Kalifa didn't mean to offend, though I do agree she should've kept her mouth shut." Lucci threw her a short, warning glance before keeping on. He stood next to Crocodile and sipped from his champagne glass whilst he eyed the opera's wide entrance. Very soon, the doors were going to open and the drama would start, so there wasn't much time to lose beating the bush with politeness.

“You’ve been out of the public spaces for a very long time and *he* is no ordinary man, Crocodile. Homing’s dead.” That statement made Crocodile’s breath hitch. Lucci smirked and nodded with confirmation. “And that’s his son, and new Heir of the Celestial Dragons’ throne.”

Croc licked his suddenly dry lips, tapping the cigar’s ashes inside his empty glass. His breathing had shallowed and he allowed himself to close his eyes long enough, so he could rub them with the tips of his fingers.

He was aware of Saint Homing’s murder. Killing one of the higher-ups in the Celestial Dragons had made the Underworld a mess for a while. It was one of the reasons Crocodile decided to vanish as well, not out of fear of dying, but as a precautionary measure to keep his sanity intact. Such ground-shaking news were the new gossip and the perfect time to create new friends, and new enemies.

By now it was apparent, Crocodile didn’t want to make either a friend or a foe.

“His son, huh...” Croc murmured and decided to put his cigar back in its case, turning towards the newly opened opera doors. “That still doesn’t change my opinion. He’s a walking target. Not someone worth associating with.”

“He can be an ally, Crocodile.” Lucci said after him, but Crocodile only shook his head in response. He didn’t need allies and he didn’t need dead weight either.

Walking up the stairs towards the balconies, he did his best to ignore the eyes that were peering at him from somewhere in the gushing crowd beneath him. They could’ve come from anywhere, but by the time he managed to get to his balcony seat, Crocodile had relaxed and didn’t feel as bothered as before.

Crocodile’s secretary was nowhere to be found still and Croc considered calling her before he ultimately decided against it. Just by talking to Kalifa and Rob Lucci, he’d exhausted his social batteries for a week ahead. He was a Mafia lord, for fuck’s sake, not customer service. He was used to the noise of guns, not chattering, and the screams of torture, not subdued laughter.

It took another few minutes for the orchestra to set itself up and for the final guests to take their places within the opera hall. The balconies were occupied and Crocodile scanned all of them until his eyes locked yet again, with Homing’s first-born son and the descendant of the Donquixote family.

He no longer had his sunglasses, having placed them in his buzzed blonde hair that looked spiky and unfixed. His eyes were long and... predatory, in a sense. Crocodile felt observed and hunted, like he was being evaluated for his meat from afar. The same smile, this time much lighter and well-rested, sat over the man’s face and once he saw that Crocodile responded to his suggestive stare, leaned forward and tilted his head at him.

Crocodile’s heart thumped. Alarms were going off left and right and Lucci’s words chanted into his head for a very short moment.

‘He is no ordinary man.’

That much was true. Crocodile sensed the danger, but damned he be if he reacted to it. Not at all. Against all common sense, he felt immensely attracted to the way the Donquixote had spread his legs and the attentive eyes he was giving him. The two men with him seemed involved in their own little conversation and ignored the way the man was shifting in his seat, too small to fit his large frame and stretchable legs.

Absorbed into his all-intoxicating stare, Crocodile didn’t realise when the curtain behind him had opened and Mikita sat next to him with a thud. Croc threw her a distasteful side-eye.

“I’m so sorry, Boss.” She said, panting and huffing, just in time for the lights to dim and for the first act to begin. Mikita kept on quiet. “I didn’t think it’d take that long to...”

“Shut up.” Crocodile cut her off. He wasn’t interested in what she had to say, but the opera wasn’t as enticing anymore either.

The Donquixote kept staring at him, not even throwing glances, but being completely devoured by Crocodile’s presence. By the time the first act ended, Crocodile had barely paid attention, listening half-heartedly to the German whilst his eyes were running to catch a glimpse of the pink bastard on the opposite side of the balconies.

It was a shame, really. Looking an hour back, Crocodile sounded like a complete hypocrite as it felt impossible that he’d be able to avoid the Donquixote now. Against his better judgement and rational thinking, his body had other ideas for him and thing was, he didn’t even know the man’s name.

Arrogantly enough, Crocodile hoped the Celestial Dragon knew his.

As the performers came from behind the red curtains, everyone clapped and there was a 15-minute break before the second act was to start. Mikita shuffled in her place and sighed, and sunk into the big soft armchair beneath her. Crocodile finally regarded her, looking away from the man who was still on his balcony.

“What is it?” Croc asked Mikita, startling her in the process. She’d taken out her phone and by the sight of it, he already guessed she wasn’t feeling the performance. Yawning one too many times throughout the first hour, Crocodile doubted she’d last the other three, let alone another two for the auction.

“It’s nothing.” Mikita lied, but broke down just a second later when Crocodile raised a single brow at her. She was like a child. A stubborn, but valuable child. “Just, I thought there’d be more action, you know? And in English. I don’t understand anything and it feels like the play and the pamphlet are two completely different spectacles.”

Crocodile hummed. Mikita was much younger than him, so he understood that this might’ve not been her cup of tea. He knew she didn’t want to come tonight either, but if he was forced to socialise, then she would too. Though truth be told, Mikita was his second best option for a companion after Nico Robin, yet the woman was on vacation and very much retired from the

mafia life. If it wasn't a criminal gathering or a self-proclaimed 'charity event', then she may have joined him, but... There was no need to ruminate over things that cannot happen.

"How are they different?" An unfamiliar deep voice echoed from behind them. Crocodile held his breath back and turned a little quicker, meeting the same blue eyes he'd been trying to read for the past hour.

The Donquixote stood tall, lightly bent forward, so he could rest his elbows on top of the curtain frame. His figure loomed darkly and Mikita visibly shrunk in her seat by the overpowering presence of the other man. Crocodile could smell sunflowers and a faintness of metal, but nothing so intrusive as to make him crunch his nose in return.

Being barely a foot or so away from them, Croc understood why some found the man terrifying. Crocodile was tall himself, but the Celestial Dragon was about two heads above him and plenty muscular, though on the leaner side. His muscles were well-defined and his skin was fair under the softened yellow lighting inside the opera.

"Did you not hear the question?" The Donquixote prompted with the raise of his eyebrows. Then, his crystal blue eyes returned to Crocodile humorously. "Or would you like to answer instead, sweetheart?"

His words were enough to make Croc's knees weaken, but even if the man knew that, he didn't show it. Trained with patience, he kept looking and looking until Crocodile was forced to chuckle away.

"Why me? Have you not been paying attention?" He retorted. The man's smile widened and he finally entered, pressing his large hands on the backrests of their two chair. Mikita uncomfortably shifted.

"I was busy with other things, but I caught a thing or two." The Donquixote shamelessly admitted. A short glance at his secretary and Crocodile already knew what the man wished from him. "I thought I could speak to someone about them, you know? Though, it seems like..."

"Mikita." She immediately perked up. "Go and save me a spot at the auction. There's something I'd like to buy after the second act."

"Yes, of course." Mikita stood from her place and bowed on her way out, not even trying to argue that she'd have to wait a solid hour and a half before the second act of the drama was finished. The details weren't important, though. Even if Mikita decided to leave right this moment, Crocodile wasn't going to stop her.

The Donquixote watched as the lady escaped around him and didn't wait for an invitation before he took her place on the other chair. Crocodile narrowed his eyes at him.

"I didn't say you were welcome to join me, though." Croc growled lowly, with no harshness or danger put into it. Only a playful bark, to test the waters.

“Am I not?” He play-pretended a surprised look. Crocodile’s face relaxed ever so gently. “And there I thought you already invited me with your lustful eyes.”

“I was enjoying the spectacle, unlike you.” Croc lied smoothly. It wasn’t a complete lie really, but he sure as Hell would be wrong if he said he paid attention all the way. “I wasn’t throwing lustful glances neither here nor there, sugar.”

The man, as expected, saw right through his bullshit and began laughing. A throatful, ringing sound that sent shivers all through Crocodile’s body. Again and again, his brain was ignoring any droplet of rationality that might’ve stayed, but Croc kept his straight posture and stayed right where he was. Not closer, not farther away.

“Say that again, Crocodile, this time slower.” The man spoke with a grinning low timbre and the way he called his name ignited fire in his lungs.

At least Crocodile confirmed that the man knew him personally. That was a good start.

“You seem to know my name before I know yours.” He silently agreed to play along as his chest tightened with all types of weird sensations. Mainly, anticipation and duality. How much he truly wanted to indulge with this man, Croc wasn’t sure, but the attraction was prominent. He wasn’t blind to see that, be it from afar or ever so closely like they were right now. “It’s rude not to introduce yourself.”

“Ah.” The Donquixote nodded once and crossed his hands over his knees. He’d come much closer now and despite leaning, Crocodile couldn’t help, but feel his menacing apparition above and beyond his own shoulders. “Donquixote Doflamingo. And over there,” he pointed at his balcony, where the two men still sat and talked, “my nephew and little brother. The whole family’s here.”

“A bit dangerous, isn’t it, Doflamingo?” Crocodile asked slowly, tasting his name on his lips. “It’s barely been two years.”

“Don’t you like danger, sweetheart?” He replied light-heartedly, yet his words weighed heavier than his previous ones. A provocation, not a question. It was apparent Donquixote Doflamingo was trying to fish something out of him. “Because if you don’t, then how’d you come so far in this business?”

Crocodile scoffed. The lights dimmed further and the orchestra was ready to begin again. The music quieted the whole space and Crocodile inhaled deeply, letting the sounds of violins overtake the wildfire he experienced, ignited by Doflamingo himself.

“A lot of hard work, that’s how.” He replied in the end, keeping it as calm and neutral as possible. He wanted to at least try and watch the rest of the spectacle uninterrupted. Doflamingo though, had other plans.

“You’ve surprised many of my guests tonight.” Doflamingo’s legs stretched forward and he turned his face to the stage where the red curtains were being pulled apart. His chair was pushed near Crocodile’s, so even if they didn’t speak directly, they could hear what the other was saying. “I think you can be the spectacle than the opera itself.”

“Is that so.” Crocodile said dryly. He was growing annoyed that he couldn’t concentrate, but he took each of Doflamingo’s flattering remarks and let them warm him from the inside. Thankfully too, neither of them had struck his dick… yet.

“I’ve been hearing about you since I arrived.” The Donquixote kept on. “You rarely come to such occasions. Or so it’s been speculated.”

Crocodile inhaled deeply and exhaled just as slowly. “You have to understand, Doflamingo, many of the people here are not entirely pleasant for a conversation. That probably includes myself of course, but point is, I’m not fond of formalities.”

“You’re speaking quite formally right now, Croc.” Doflamingo teased him. Crocodile gave him a chuckle.

“Not out of obligation.” He declared and eased the tension in his shoulders with a shift shuffle. Doflamingo was watching him once again. “Manners matter to me.”

Doflamingo brushed his hand over his short hair, his long limbs stretching and taking nearly half the space on the balcony. Crocodile was truly surprised with himself of how unbothered he was by the lack of boundaries the man was having with him.

“It’s an interesting quality as many prefer respect over anything else. It puts them higher in the hierarchy.”

“People who prefer respect are those who already don’t have it.” Croc smiled. “I’ve been in the business long enough to have my own preferences above hierarchy.”

“But that’s what I’m saying, right?” Doflamingo leaned forward and finally, Crocodile returned his gaze. It was just enough for the naughty spark in his blues to arouse him all over again. “You’re a veteran, someone people look forward to meeting when joining events like this.”

“And yet, they’re just as afraid to speak to me as I’m unwilling to return the favour.”

Doflamingo’s laughter gave Crocodile a few more seconds to appreciate his own witty response. He knew he wasn’t a good company for most people here, so having at least one man enjoy himself with him came as an unconscious relief. Possibly because he wanted to *fuck* that man, not make an ally out of him, but that was beside the point.

“As you can see, I’m here.” Doflamingo mused. “We’re talking.”

“Do you want a cookie for that?” Crocodile’s smile widened and so did Doflamingo’s. The two of them looked away from each other and towards the spectacle, and Croc felt so utterly lost in it already as it might’ve been hours since he last paid attention to it.

“You know,” The man spoke again, very much pretending to be interested in what was happening on stage, “I wouldn’t mind a cookie, but something more satiating would do also.”

“For example?”

“Oh, you’re making it too easy, sweetheart.” Doflamingo giggled and crossed his legs, spreading himself around the backrest of the armchair instead. And without returning Crocodile’s questioning glance, he added. “You, of course. Even from afar, you look quite delicious.”

Crocodile’s stomach dropped and for a single moment, so did his mask. There was no surprise in his face or eyes, but undeniable attraction and Croc’s breath hitched before he sharply turned his head away. It was Doflamingo’s turn to look at him and if it wasn’t for the dimmed lighting, he most likely would’ve seen the pinked blush that crept onto Crocodile’s cheeks.

It’s been a long time since he felt so flustered around someone. His ex-husband wasn’t a charming fellow, and his ex-wife was even less prone to giving out compliments. Doflamingo was the opposite and he seemed to take pleasure in having the last word, even if it was for another minute or so.

“Well, thank you.” Crocodile replied at last, trying to keep his cool whilst his stomach twisted and turned with excitement. “You don’t look so bad yourself.”

“No?” The Donquixote joked. “Some people actually told me my outfit for tonight was... How was the word... Displaced?”

“Oh, it is.” Croc agreed, refusing to look back at him again. “Is pink your favourite colour or were you trying to cause outrage? Either way, a statement has been made.”

“If you dislike it so much, then I’m assuming you prefer my clothes on the floor instead.”

Now *that* was an outright invitation and Crocodile laughed behind his fingertips, trying to collect himself amongst the audaciousness of the tall bastard.

“As much as I’d love to take that offer, Donquixote, I’m trying to watch Die Walküre at the moment.” Crocodile hummed and licked his lips, eyes attached to the scenery in sight. Nothing seemed to work though, and it was a second later that Croc felt a set of long fingers stretching to squeeze his thigh.

“Can I not tempt you somehow?” Doflamingo continued, his voice much lower and lucrative than before. His palm was large and warm, and his short nails tried to dig in the material of his pants in order to get to the flesh beneath them. It was an automatic response and Crocodile spread his legs further apart just so he could feel Doflamingo’s touch better.

That encouraged the man to continue and a comfortable silence settled where they watched the drama unfold, whilst simultaneously indulging in each other’s presence. A caress, then a squeeze, and then another caress until Doflamingo felt courageous enough to push further and closer to Crocodile’s crotch.

Crocodile chuckled and wrapped his hand over his wrist to stop him. His gloved fingers caressed his skin under his sleeve though, making sure he took his own share of touching and letting Doflamingo know they were far from over.

“Do you always make your affairs so public?” Crocodile asked him. “Unless you forgot, it’s an open balcony.”

“Exciting, isn’t it?” A dangerous grin appeared on his lips.

“I prefer privacy.” He shot directly and fuck, wasn’t that what Doflamingo waited for?

Swiftly, the Celestial Dragon raised from his seat and offered his hand to Crocodile. Croc looked at it and then at Doflamingo before he accepted the hand and stood up as well. It was a strain to look him in the eyes, but Croc was willing to ignore it. After all, he might be seeing him at eye level very soon.

Doflamingo pulled the curtain and the two left the balcony. Crocodile was led through the entrance hall of the opera and he caught a glimpse of the painting from earlier, oddly content with the fact nobody had taken it yet. They walked deeper into the corridors of the opulent building until they stumbled upon a tall door with a circular door knob in the middle. It blended with the satin wallpapers, but the picture-like frame shamelessly exposed it, along with a few more down the hallway.

“The opera was built in 1764.” Doflamingo spoke and wrapped his palm around the handle to turn it over. With a click, the door opened and they found themselves in a large dressing room with couches, vanity stations and a double bed as well. Two other doors led to the closet and bathroom, and there were also curtains behind which you could hide to dress.

“Many lead singers used to live here and get ready for their shows, up until the opera opened for common use.” The man entered and approached the couching area where he gently left his jacket on it. Over it, his sunglasses followed and he leaned by their side, watching as Crocodile was carefully examining the room. “Spectacles like those of Richard Wagner, Giuseppe Verdi and Giacomo Puccini were reserved for aristocrats and respectively, those rooms were kept for the best performers.”

“It’s impressive.” Crocodile admitted, though he already knew that much about the opera. Most of the guests tonight probably knew of its history, not out of passion, but in case of emergency. Every escape route, every hidden corner. If one’s eyes were keen enough, they would even evaluate the locks on the windows, how they opened, how thick the glass was, how *reliable* it was as an exit.

And with Crocodile’s enthusiasm to avoid people, it was easy to focus on all those details that some would’ve missed otherwise.

“Do you often lurk in the backrooms of operas and theatres, Donquixote?”

“When invited.” Doflamingo didn’t hide his prideful smile. Crocodile knew he wasn’t the first one to be shown that lavish room, but he was going to take the best out of this opportunity.

Damned be his hypocrisy.

“Sadly, I get to miss most shows I go to, but I think I get rewarded with things much better than culture. And culture, I have enough of that already.”

Crocodile snorted and approached the man, watching him watch him as he was taking off his own jacket. “Do you now? You don’t strike me as particularly cultured, though I do admire the fact you know who Giacomo Puccini is.”

“It’d be a shame if I didn’t.” Doflamingo reached and slowly began unbuttoning Crocodile’s vest. His fingers were thin and bony, but they were skilled and it wasn’t long before Croc’s green shirt got completely exposed. Then too, Doflamingo continued with its buttons. “*La Bohème, Madame Butterfly, Tosca.*”

“Love tragedies.” Crocodile stated, getting a grinning hum from the Donquixote. “How romantic.”

“I like the tragedy part more than the love itself.” Doflamingo told him, his eyes stuck to the skin that he exposed with each button. “Love is a mere prerequisite for the misery that each of us get to experience at least once in a lifetime.”

Crocodile raised a brow. Those were words, truly unexpected for him to hear. “It feels counterintuitive to talk about heartbreak when you’re about to have sex with someone, Doflamingo. Not that I mind, really. Just surprising you’re raising that topic.”

“We’re talking about Giacomo Puccini, sweetheart.” Doflamingo didn’t lose his smile. Once the shirt was loose and the buttons were apart, he snuck his hands around Crocodile’s waist and touched his spine, starting to count its bones one by one. Croc’s breath levelled. “Giacomo was a hopeless romantic. A callous bastard nevertheless, but still a romantic. Drowning in poetry and art and women, having lived in the most passionate times of history, do you really think I won’t touch on what love is?”

“I’m too old for that.” Crocodile stated shortly, yet firmly while his fingers were unbuttoning Doflamingo’s shirt.

It felt intimate, but not in a sexual way. Talking and undressing each other, having so little signs of what they were about to do, yet being so obvious at the same time. And with the way Doflamingo was looking at him, passionate and interested and invested, it was like he was looking at a lover rather than a stranger. His blue eyes followed his lips and waited. The willpower that the man displayed was nothing short of fascinating.

If it was any other man, Crocodile would’ve been bent over the couch and pounded relentlessly already. It was a good change of pace. He wasn’t as young anymore.

“Two failed marriages and I’ve had enough of love talk.” Crocodile told him and watched as the man’s muscles flexed under his glove.

His skin was cold, but his caress was as warm as Crocodile imagined it. His hands roamed up and down, exploring his scarred back bit by bit, taking time to appreciate the uglier scars that had ripped deeper than others. It was sending shivers through his body and Crocodile raised his head to look at the Donquixote.

Softly, Doflamingo raised his knuckles to his face and fondled his cheek. His eyes, Crocodile saw, were counting every stitch he had and when he was finally done, he let his thumb roll over his lips. "I meant it when I said you can be the spectacle of the night."

"A spectacle you stole all for yourself."

Crocodile pulled himself on his toes to meet Doflamingo's lips halfway. Opening his mouth, Doflamingo didn't waste time to deepen the kiss, to grasp him hungrier and press their bodies as close as they could get. Crocodile wrapped his hands around his neck and brought him down, and Doflamingo's spine bent like a predator that was about to devour its prey.

Their hot breaths merged and clashed, and Croc dug his fingers in the back of his hair to hold him in place. There were emerging giggles from Doflamingo's lungs and in the split of a second, their bodies had switched places, and Crocodile was now spreading his legs so the man could get more access.

Crocodile's hardening cock was tugging at the expensive material and seeing the bulge in the Donquixote's pants didn't help much either. He wanted to remove everything on him and it wasn't because of the atrocious flamingo colour. Lissom muscles were caught in his sensible touch and he forced his hand up until it reached the man's ribcage. Feeling him breathe so heavily, desperate for air, yet unwilling to let go, it made Crocodile dizzy and he flipped his button open to get access to his underwear.

Thick, feverish and bulging, he got a grip of Doflamingo's cock and slid his fingers over its stem. If Crocodile had any expectations of how big the man might be, what he felt was beyond them. A surprised gasp took Doflamingo out of his hunger and they parted lips, his eyes once again focused on Crocodile.

"It's going to take a while to get there." The Donquixote gave him a sly smile. He kissed his cheek, then his jaw and neck, and Crocodile felt helpless in his arms, needing the closure Doflamingo was already giving him so generously. "Now I just need those pesky pants off, sweetheart."

Crocodile let go of the man and unbuttoned his pants, letting Doflamingo do the rest of the job and *fuck*, how good he did. He traced his skin with kisses as he knelt and approached the hem of his underwear. Croc pushed his head back once Doflamingo's tongue wetted the material and he ran his hands over his hair to pull him nearer.

The Donquixote wrapped his arms around his thighs and that moment, Crocodile remembered what he'd stacked on his calf with a belt. Blood rushed faster than before as Doflamingo lowered his hand and slid it under his pant sleeve. The belt easily clicked open and the man took out the gun, examining it with eyes as he kept kissing the damp spot over the clothed tip of Crocodile's cock.

The gun was a clean shade of grey and heavy on the palm despite its smaller size. Holding five bullets only, Crocodile saw the delight in Doflamingo's eyes when he emptied the barrel on the floor, leaving only a single bullet inside.

With a light hold, Doflamingo returned to Croc's underwear and slid the waistband under his balls, letting his dick spring free from its confinements. The sudden cool from the air hit him and Crocodile inhaled shakily.

"What do you plan on doing with this gun?" Crocodile managed to ask through carefully planned breaths. It was becoming hazardous to be around Doflamingo, but he sounded crazy, even in his head.

They were two dangerous men. Each of them knew how to hold a gun, how to load, unload and fire it, and Crocodile would've been a fool not to consider the *other* possibility of why he was welcomed so warmly by the Donquixote.

Sliding his tongue over Crocodile's length, Doflamingo smirked and nuzzled his nose at the bottom of his stem, feeling the hot skin underneath which blood was pumping stronger and louder.

"You are wanted." Doflamingo said, with his free hand cupping and squeezing Crocodile's ass. "You have many enemies that want you dead, sweetheart."

"Are you one of them?" Crocodile searched for his confirmation in the man's bright eyes, but he couldn't find any. There was only lust, devouring and all on show just for him.

"What fun would it be to fuck a dead body?" The Donquixote replied instead, but that wasn't a fair answer. Not to Crocodile.

If he wanted, he could easily disarm the man who was on his knees before him. The grip around the gun was somewhat clumsy, with no hold over the trigger, but the handle instead. He'd put his index finger over the lock that was already disabled, though Crocodile wasn't very sure if Doflamingo knew that himself. In any case, he might end up dead if he didn't react fast enough.

"If you're threatening me over a blowjob, Doflamingo, know that you have to do better than simply licking it." Crocodile inhaled through his nose and placed a firm hand over Doflamingo's chin. He bore his teeth at him, sharp, dangerous and hissy. It was a clear warning, albeit drowned amongst the mist of arousal and champagne. "And if you satisfy me properly, then I might consider giving you more than a cock on which to nibble."

"I don't want you considering. I want you certain, sweetheart. I want to know you want me."

Doflamingo let himself be guided to Crocodile's slit and he pliantly stuck out his tongue, licking its head and taking the beginning of his cock. His hand kept squeezing his ass, digging his nails and forcing closure. Within a minute or so, Doflamingo was proudly taking his length, letting the tip force its way through the back wall of his throat.

The gun was caressing Crocodile's naked thigh, its cold metal melting over his heated skin. A short guttural moan escaped Croc, a clear confirmation that whatever tongue work Doflamingo was doing, was clearly working on him.

Crocodile wasn't the vocal type anymore and throughout his life in the mafia, he'd learnt to keep it quiet for the people who listened on the other side of the door. Messy offices, dirty warehouses and unlocked bathrooms were the most occasional spots for playing around and neither of them were private enough to encourage him to speak more.

Handjobs, blowjobs, quickies. They all rotated every so often and it's been a *fuck* while since Crocodile had taken the time to explore and enjoy himself properly. Reading the man's eyes though, it was more than clear Doflamingo had every intention of stretching their first meeting as long as possible.

As he took the cock out of his mouth, the Donquixote immediately began sucking on his balls, rolling them with his tongue and gently tugging them with his teeth whenever he felt necessary. It was getting harder to breathe and Crocodile's climax was fast approaching, especially with that gun pressed so tightly to his skin. It felt like it was kissing him too, leaving bruises with its metal muzzle as Doflamingo slid it up and down as a form of caress.

Digging into Doflamingo's short hair, Crocodile threw his head back and swallowed a moan. That seemed to encourage the man below him and he hollowed his cheeks as he tried to take the cock deeper into his throat. It felt good. So so good. Crocodile's thighs shook and he forced a thrust forward as to test the waters with the Donquixote. With eyes, he was given a silent permission and Doflamingo's jaw loosened further whilst Croc began fucking his mouth.

From light humps to harsh thrusts, Crocodile moved and bypassed Doflamingo's mouth, feeling the suction his cheeks made in the meantime. The Donquixote was holding him firmly and his thighs had become a canvas for his nails and gun that kept creating marks after marks until redness covered them completely.

Crocodile felt dizzy and overwhelmed, and the muzzle of the gun didn't help much when it dug near pain right under his ass. One thrust, then another and Croc had succumbed to the pressure, letting his groans fill the wide room. He surely hoped everyone were still watching the opera, otherwise they'd have to resolve to another symphony right in this bedroom.

The low rumble covered Crocodile's cock and he forced his eyes open to see Doflamingo's teary ones watching him ravenously. He was moaning himself, following Croc and his own set of desperate whines.

"Doffy..." Crocodile called helplessly. "Doflamingo..."

There was no other reply than a reassuring short nod. He kept gazing at him and he waited for the moment Crocodile would give in to the sensation. It didn't last long. Doflamingo's lips were wet, pink and swollen, and the sight was enough to drive him beyond the edge.

Crocodile kept thrusting into his mouth, fucking his lips and abusing his throat until Doflamingo swallowed all his cum and then some more. Croc had forced his whole length inside (and he was quite prideful of its size already), watching the man's mouth loosely wrapped around it. He hadn't stopped touching him, yet the sensation was faint, if not barely there.

It took a moment for Crocodile's breath to stabilise and as he pulled out, his cock dropped before Doflamingo's face tiredly. The Donquixote took a deep breath in and exhaled, kissing his V-line with a widening smile.

"You sure know how to be rough, sweetheart." He licked the edges of his lips, his voice hoarse and deep. For some reason, that only made Crocodile wanting to kiss him again. "I assume then, you were properly satisfied or are you still considering?"

A light chuckle escaped him before Croc averted his gaze. "It wasn't entirely unpleasant, that's for sure."

"Oh, come on." Doflamingo prompted and at once, he swiftly raised himself back, his shadow casting over Crocodile. Be it on his knees or feet, the Donquixote was equally as alluring as he was threatening.

And *handsome*. Alluring and threatening, and devilishly handsome.

"You don't expect me to believe you didn't like it." He caressed his thigh with the gun. "It aroused you, didn't it?"

It. That one-bullet gun.

"You haven't answered my question yet, so I won't either." Crocodile raised his chin daringly. "What do you plan on doing with it?"

Doflamingo giggled and pressed his body as close as possible, enough for Croc to feel his bulging erection alongside the gun to his stomach. It made him silently curse and although his arousal was rising again, there was no way he'd be able to pull himself up as quickly.

"It'll help me fuck you, of course." The man's breath kissed his ear and Crocodile held his own when he heard him.

Turned out, there *was* a way. He felt his insides twisting and Croc desperately soke Doflamingo's eyes to check for a sign of joke. If he was joking, that wasn't funny and if he wasn't, then both of them were in big trouble.

"You'd let a metal murder device do the dirty job for you? Shameful."

"I'll let a metal murder device do *any* job for me if it could, sweetheart." He laughed and handled his thighs to lift him up. "Though trust me, I do like using my own hands every once in a while."

Crocodile rolled his eyes, but it was hard not to feel an odd sense of intimacy with the man as deadly as himself. His conflicting words were striking the right chords of his heart and Doflamingo's dick, pushing ever so eagerly against his ass, made Crocodile anticipate the inevitable.

The only thing that worried him most was how hard it was to read Doflamingo's mannerisms. The Donquixote laughed long and often, and his smile barely left his face. Even when he

looked focused, there was this ominous grin, one that spoke of destruction and chaos, and Crocodile... He was ready to take both.

Sliding his hands behind his neck, he let himself be carried away whilst his pants and underwear were left on the ground. He was caressing his hair, eyes locked onto his as Crocodile tried to decipher what his gaze meant in that very moment.

“You keep looking at me like you’re about to blow my head off.” Doflamingo joked as he left a kiss on his jaw, then his cheek and finally his lips, but it didn’t stay there for long.

“Maybe I will.” Crocodile hummed absent-mindedly, enjoying every attention the other man was giving him. “Just not now. Not tonight.”

Doflamingo’s cock throbbed against Crocodile’s sullen one and once they hit the bed, Crocodile was caged against the hard mattress and the man’s hands. He knew he’d be devoured soon and words meant nothing against a hungry man who’d been starved for what seemed like decades.

Even with a status such as his, the Donquixote was (surely) no stranger to the emptiness that came with the lack of hot touch against his skin and Crocodile was *doing* something to him. He could see it in his eyes, as clear as day and as dark as night. His rough hands pulled Doflamingo closer and it was the only invitation he needed before attacking him once again.

One kiss after the other, Doflamingo was drinking him up like champagne, insatiable and drunk on the sensation of their lips colliding in a hot, salivating mess. Crocodile opened his mouth and offered his tongue, and Doflamingo took it whilst he was almost ripping the clothes off Croc’s body.

A tie, then a shirt, then another tie and another shirt. It took longer than expected for the two of them to strip, leaving only heated bodies that were now pressed and battling against one another. Doflamingo had left the gun to the side, in reach for both of them while he explored Crocodile’s curves with his fingertips.

It would take a second, not more nor less, for Crocodile to reach and shoot his brains out. Question was, where in the barrel was the damned bullet? Whether Doflamingo intended to play Russian roulette with him or removed the rest to keep it safe from Croc, he couldn’t guess, but his interest in his own gun had never been more prevalent. He wanted to feel the heavy pistol back in his hand and he did, taking it when the Donquixote’s wet lips had reached the middle of his chest.

His fingers were quick, but so were Doflamingo’s and a gasp escaped Crocodile as he felt him thrust a wet one inside his entrance. It was tight down there, taking him a moment to adjust to the sensation of the long slick finger that moved in and out of him in swift motion. He hadn’t been fucked in some time now and preparation was hardly his ex-partners’ strong suit. If anyone asked, Crocodile simply prayed to his God that nothing ripped due to their impatience and moved to the more important activities for that time.

Doflamingo though, *oh*, this man had patience of steel mended under his ghostly skin. If his first finger stretched him well enough, then the second and third one had prolonged and

overstayed their welcome, and Crocodile growled hoarsely in between the kisses he was given.

His dick was now halfway up again, rubbing against Doflamingo's fully erect one and he didn't care how much bigger he was than him, Crocodile wanted it *in* already.

"You're missing out on the fun with that impatience of yours." The Donquixote bit his tongue mockingly and twisted his reddened nipple underneath his free fingertips.

"You're just... insufferably slow..." Crocodile spread his right leg wider whilst his left one stood over Doflamingo's shoulder, giving him enough access to squeeze just enough of his pinky finger and make them four. "Someone might think... *Wagner's* operas are faster than... than you."

"Would you look at that, sweetheart, you're losing your breath already."

He let go of his chest and took the gun away from Croc's hand. There wasn't much struggle for it, but when Doflamingo pressed it over Crocodile's lips, that was when he received a deadly glare and a warning pull of his hair.

"A-ah..." Doflamingo grinned more, letting his fingers slow down. Crocodile knew —*felt*— that at this point, even a truck could get inside him if it wanted to. His hole was as loose as it could get (though Crocodile wasn't ready to admit his own insecurity of that statement, seeing how large Doflamingo's cock had grown over the last few minutes, let alone the past half an hour they spent together). "Finger's off the trigger, love, we just need less fraction. Now open that pretty mouth of yours and lick that muzzle, would you?"

"Lick it yourself, you don't seem to have your mouth occupied either." Crocodile snapped, but he now realised, it was a mistake.

It took a moment for his brain to process what had happened, as Doflamingo moved fast and nearly silent, like the true murderer he probably was, surely was.

There wasn't anything the Donquixote family and the Celestial Dragons weren't famous for. Their line work concerned the whole mafia world, from selling drugs, weapons and stolen antiques, to organs and even people if you asked the right people. Crocodile had heard of assassins and renowned murderers within their ranks, and it wouldn't come as a surprise if Doflamingo was one of them as well.

Pressed against his throat were now Doflamingo's slicked fingers, and the gun that was casually resting in his other hand was now shoved into his mouth, making him unable to speak, yet simply listen.

"I don't think that'll be necessary." The Donquixote whispered with a vicious smile and a voice so deep, it could reach the deepest trench in the ocean. "Come on, sweetheart, put that tongue to use while you still can, hm?"

It made Crocodile's eyelids flutter and he slowly drew his tongue out, licking the muzzle of the gun ever so slowly as his eyes locked with the crystal blue ones that watched him

intensely. His insides were burning and his cock twitched painfully, despite knowing that it wasn't the right time to show that type of weakness to the other man.

"That's right, my love." Doflamingo cooed, the praise doing nothing more than arouse Crocodile further. He worked his tongue against the gun, wetting all its rough edges and cracks before Doflamingo finally withdrew it and let him breathe more properly. "You can be a good boy if you put your mind to it, after all."

Saliva dripped from Crocodile's mouth and it connected to the muzzle whilst the Donquixote slid it near his open hole. The cold metal pressed against him and as his lips were still open, Croc left a loud whimper once it entered with a sharp push.

The gun wasn't like Doflamingo's fingers. It was rough and cool, and it made his insides burn hot, all in the while reddening his hole around its edges. Doflamingo kept cooing and kissing, and Crocodile let out a few pained moans before they were swallowed by the other man's mouth.

Harder than easing into his fingers, but not impossible, Crocodile did his best to relax and enjoy the gun that had pressed so tightly against his walls. Doflamingo worked it with rhythm and pre-cum was slowly spilling out of Croc's cock who felt it equally as burning as the rest of his body. Whatever Doflamingo did to him was working and breaching the crookedest parts of his mind, the parts where Crocodile wished for nothing else, but to be used at the mercy of someone else.

He didn't like it, not even a little bit. Allowing his power to be stolen so ineptly was like making a fool of himself and yet, Doflamingo did it with such grace, Crocodile didn't even recognise when he'd already fallen into his trap. Shaking and weak, he pushed himself against the soft covers of the bed and let the Donquixote touch wherever he wanted, whenever he pleased.

A caress on the thigh, a kiss on the chest, a press of the muzzle. Crocodile's heart was sinking deeper than his back in the sheets, and he was holding his breath tight until Doflamingo permitted him to breathe again with the simplest and perkiest of kisses.

"See, that's it." His words finally made sense again and Croc squeezed a fist against the Donquixote's shaven head in an attempt to regain some sense of possession over something. Doflamingo was no longer at his throat, but he still felt his hand there, large and overbearing, and so pathetically exhilarating. "It doesn't hurt, does it?"

Crocodile didn't dare speaking and yet he let his voice free, as free as it had been for the past however many years since he'd had a good fuck. He didn't marry his ex-husband for the sex and *certainly*, he didn't marry his ex-wife for it either.

This right here was much *much* more to his standards.

"You can have the gun back in a moment, sweetheart. I don't want you finishing a second time without tasting me once."

Mockery soaked Doflamingo's words and with all his might and spite, Crocodile decided to refuse himself the pleasure of a climax, just so he could shove it in the man's smug expression when he doesn't make him finish.

But, as he told him, it was about a minute later — filled with sweet words and quick thrusts — that Doflamingo withdrew the gun and allowed Crocodile to take a deep breath between the many praising kisses and mouthful sentences.

“You never shut up, do you?” Crocodile cleared his throat as the emptiness began growing more and more uncomfortable. The gun, although as rough as it could be, was filling him and stretching him well, so without it he felt like a whore that had opened himself for a man who hadn't even touched himself yet.

“You prefer we stay quiet?” Doflamingo replied with a grossed-out expression whilst he reached for one of the nightstands by his side. From there, he took out a bottle of lube and a pack of condoms, yet the pack quickly disappeared again before closing the drawer loudly. “That'd be awkward and *this* is not an awkward moment. At least not in my humble opinion.”

“When have your opinions ever been *hu*— is that lube?” Croc grimaced, kicking Doflamingo in the shoulder. “It's been there this whole time and you made me lick the dirty muzzle? You — imbecile!”

Doflamingo groaned and stretched his arm with a swing. “You kick hard! I'm surprised you're named Crocodile, not *Horse* or *Donkey* or something like that.”

“You better pray that the bullet isn't at that muzzle right now, otherwise you're dead meat.” Crocodile barked, holding onto the newly released gun. The desire to shoot that son of a Saint had never been stronger.

“Relax, relax.” Doflamingo patted his bruised thigh and poured a hefty amount of lube over his throbbing length. Sliding his hand up and down, it made Crocodile reconsider their difference in size, and another part of him withered with both dread and excitement at the sight of what was to come. Stretched over his torso, Doflamingo's member looked like it could easily rearrange his guts and even if Crocodile wasn't ready for it, it was too late to chicken out.

“No condoms?” He decided to ask then.

“They're not that stocked here.” Doflamingo giggled. “Old opera and all? Who would care to fill it with condoms?”

The Donquixote positioned himself between his legs and put the tip of his cock at his swollen from the gun entrance. A few more strokes and then the whole world blurred with tears of pain and fullness.

Crocodile was not prepared for that size. The gun did nothing to stretch him and the four fingers in the beginning even less. Doflamingo doubled the width of his walls and penetrated him up to his prostrate, brushing and bypassing it until his whole length was inside him. Croc

gasped for air and dug his nails into the back of his shoulders, choking on a moan, a whimper and a sob.

“F-fuck.”

“It’s all in! I’m impressed, actually.” Doflamingo’s quirky surprise in his tone made Crocodile groan.

“You could’ve been gentler, moron.” He rasped out.

“I was! As gentle as a flower!”

“And quit yelling in my ears, you’re probably heard over the orchestra.” Croc exhaled shakily, yet continued holding Dolfmaingo in a tight grip.

The embrace was one-sided at first, and Crocodile felt his back wet and cold at the same time. His hair was damp too, and his ears were ringing like a siren that predicted danger. Lost in his own mind, he could only focus on the pain that made his lungs unusable and he was all alone there, forced to push through that moment quicker, so he felt pleasure again.

And within the skip of a beat, there was someone else. Doflamingo had wrapped his arms around him, pulling in a skintight hug that warmed him up completely. He could feel his lips kissing the crook of his shoulder and his neck, and his shallow breathing matched with his, as if to show him he was present as well.

“You’re weaker than I thought.” The Donquixote murmured into his skin. There was no malice or mockery, and it wasn’t a statement told to kick Crocodile’s ego. No, there was... There was softness in the way he spoke those words, a gentle reminder to himself that he should be more careful and should proceed with care rather than force.

That nearly paralysed Crocodile. Being held like this, caressed like this, kissed so gently. It wasn’t the first time he’d experienced comfort, but it was — by far — the most surprising one.

A stranger. That’s who Donquixote Doflamingo was. A one-in-a-lifetime hookup that they might never repeat. It didn’t make them friends and it didn’t make them lovers, but the way he called him and the way he smothered him with praises and attention, Crocodile might as well consider going for a third time under the veil.

All that pestering though, it was to distract Croc from what was really going on. Second by second, Doflamingo was starting to rock his hips back and forth, at first shallow and plain, but gradually evolving to a point where he couldn’t hold himself from the need to thrust deeper, harder and faster. Soft hums were coming from Crocodile and he was completely out of it. Eyes close, head heavy, all too present, all too involved in the current moment.

“Better?” Doflamingo asked, to which he received a single nod. “Good. I hope you haven’t fallen asleep yet, sweetheart. Though, that should wake you up.”

The first plunge nearly ripped his insides apart. Crocodile gasped and whined, and he crunched his face with both displeasure and euphoria. The Donquixote knew what he was doing to him because the second one hit him just as hard and just as painful. The comfort was all gone and for the next couple thrusts, there was only red in front of Crocodile's eyes. Horrendous, unexplainable pain, soaked with pre-cum and lubricant, and all the other liquids he didn't want to think of.

Crocodile gripped on his gun until his knuckles had turned white and even then it wasn't enough to release the squeeze of his eyes.

Now more than ever, Croc may have misunderstood. Maybe Doflamingo was truly mocking him and he was proving how fragile Croc was and how easily a man of his size could crush someone like him, or anyone for that matter. There wasn't a single moment where the Donquixote had stopped, be it his actions or words, that gave Croc any rest and any trace of function had flown out of the mafia's brain.

He held to his orgasm for the longest time, but Doflamingo was merciless. Crocodile's insides were stretching with the pushes and pulls, and his stomach was bulging with the Donquixote's cock that pressed against the walls of his abdomen. His prostate was neglected completely, crushed and overstimulated by the way Doflamingo was rubbing everything else instead.

Moans and cries, and whimpers and sobs, Crocodile hiccuped and called the man's name, begging him to stop, to let him finish; that it was too much, that he couldn't hold on for much longer. His pleads were left unanswered though, as Doflamingo was chasing his own pleasure and his own interest, and even when Croc's cum splashed between their bodies, he went on and on, and on, until Crocodile no longer had the strength to hold himself up.

With a brisk motion, Croc found himself sitting and sinking, and Doflamingo was now under him, letting Crocodile ride his rock hard member.

"Dof..." Crocodile's hands shook as he held his shoulders lithely. "Please, I... I can't..."

"You can, my love." Doflamingo wooed him sweetly, wiping a few tears off his reddened face. "You took the gun so well, why can't you take me too?"

Croc bit his lips to red and the Donquixote followed, as if desperate to taste the metal on his own tongue. Crocodile slowly raised himself up, then bobbed down and nestled his ass against Doflamingo's balls. Another moment later and he was back up again, and down, and up once more.

He felt too full for his own good, fucked out of his mind and the weakest in a long while. No cardio had ever made his legs give out so quickly, but the moment he heard Doflamingo's voice, it was all worth it.

The moans that came from the Donquixote were deep and mouthful, filled with delight and approval of anything that Crocodile was doing over him. He dug his fingers into his hair and kissed him deeper, letting his groans merge with Crocodile's messy whimpers. Doflamingo's

cock heaved at its tip and his voice tightened as he forced himself upwards to meet Crocodile's sore hole.

His legs were giving out and the tears were too much to care for, but once Crocodile felt the heat of Doflamingo's cum inside him, he sunk as deeply as he could and let the Donquixote do the rest. Shallow and desperate thrusts fucked the final spasm out of his cock, and what was left of them were heavy breaths and messed-up bodies.

Each of them was marked in their own unique way — Doflamingo's back was scratched to blood whilst Crocodile's ass and thighs were as red as a stop sign. Doflamingo fell back and took Crocodile's with him, both of them groaning in the process.

“Fuck.” The Donquixote said and soon began giggling, shaking Crocodile who was now lying on his chest and trying to regain a sense of consciousness.

“What's so funny, bastard bird?” Crocodile murmured and pressed his forehead to his shoulder. He needed closure, even if it looked pathetic on the side.

“Nothing, just...” Doflamingo smirked. “Was good. I had a good time. I didn't think the gun would arouse you that much, though.”

“Oh, shut it.” Croc released him at once but was quickly brought back by Doflamingo's chasing lips.

“We should play a game where we fuck until barrels of different firearms are full.” He prompted as he began playing with Crocodile's hair. “Shall we add a second bullet to your gun?”

“Don't get ahead of yourself when we're not done with the first bullet yet.” The man rolled his eyes and closed them tiredly. The excitement was slowly wearing off, but he still felt every inch of Doflamingo's cock. It didn't move anymore, but it wasn't uncomfortable either. It burrowed inside him and warmed him, as his hole was drowning in cum and lubricant. Crocodile already knew he wouldn't be able to take out until the rest of the night.

“Do you want to shoot it, then?” Doflamingo suggested, catching himself a surprised, yet confused look from Crocodile.

“Do you mean at your head?” Crocodile asked carefully.

“No, at the chandelier.” The Donquixote scoffed. “Of course I mean at myself! I fucked your brains out, so it's only fair you fuck mine too.”

Without hesitation, Croc pressed the gun against Doflamingo's temple and narrowed his eyes at him. “I didn't know men like you play Russian roulette.”

A sly smile appeared on his lips and he raised his chin up, eyeing him from above his cheeks. “We don't. Truth is, sweetheart, men like me can't even shoot a gun.”

“Can you?”

Another grin coloured his restful expression. “And let a metal murder device do the dirty job for me? That’d be shameful.”

Crocodile’s index finger was now at the trigger. How hard could it be? He’d done that a dozen times, *thousands* of times where he’d seen blood getting spilt and their insides splattered across multiple and many surfaces. Red stains on some expensive opera sheets would only be a part of the count.

“Do it.” Doflamingo whispered breathlessly and Croc could hear his heart beating faster than a chased rabbit. There was passion in his eyes, excitement, thrill.

‘He *is* no ordinary man.’

Rob Lucci was more than right. Donquixote Doflamingo truly wasn’t any man and if fate forgave him, then the spark in his blue crystals would stay alive even after the trigger was pulled.

Crocodile clenched his jaw, his gaze falling darker and deadlier before his finger twitched back and a clicking sound was heard from the rolling of the barrel.

It was empty.

Doflamingo exhaled his held-back breath and let his head rest down as Crocodile put the gun away. He didn’t know his hand was shaking until he once again relaxed under the caress of the other man.

“Now we’re even.” He kissed the top of his head and his palm heavied onto Croc’s bare back. There was no sense of relief in his words, but timidity and disappointment instead. If they were even, then that meant they needn’t see each other again and weirdly, that made Crocodile just as upset.

“The auction is starting soon.” Crocodile announced over Doflamingo’s hot skin. “In the spirit of it, I want to be there to buy something.”

Doflamingo quirked a brow. “Sir Crocodile participating in a social gathering? Impossible! I thought you only said that to get your secretary off the balcony.”

“That too.” Croc sighed. “I liked a painting, though. ‘The Beginning’, the one with the sand storm.”

“That one, huh?” The Donquixote smiled further. “A Crocodile who enjoys the desert… You know, sweetheart, I can only imagine how dry you might’ve been tonight if it wasn’t for me. A lizard needs its wet environment. Outside… and in.”

“You’re insufferable with your mockery.” Crocodile poked him between the ribs, getting a laughing sound out of the giant underneath him. “Do you have any other jokes to get out of your system?”

“Not anymore, but I’ll let you know once I think of them.”

With a muted pop, Doflamingo finally pulled his cock out of Crocodile and some of the cum leaked onto their thighs. It felt so empty now that Croc frowned and raised himself up, as if to test whether Doflamingo had truly let him go. He moved away from his body and laid on his back whilst the Donquixote stood up and took their fallen clothes from the floor. Then, he circled the bed and placed a single kiss on Croc's forehead.

"Rest and join me for the opera when you're ready." He told Crocodile, his grinning words sending shivers down his spine. "I'll fetch your painting in the meantime."

Doflamingo left Croc's clothes by his suit jacket on the sofa and went to the bathroom to clean up, leaving Crocodile alone on the double bed. The man inhaled and exhaled, and closed his eyes to feel the warmth that had spread across his chest and forehead. Every place Doflamingo had kissed was burning, and Crocodile wished to wipe that heat away, so he didn't have to overthink it like he did now.

The smell of sunflowers and metal was stronger than ever, accompanied by the pheromones of sex and the aftertaste of bliss that came with the end of it. Crocodile let himself bathe in it for a while and listen to the running water before the front door shut closed after Doflamingo.

His disappearance though, was only minimal because every time he looked at his gun from that moment on, Crocodile was reminded of how good the champagne was that night.

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